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beauty. He is called by competent judges

# The Farm.

### Origin of the Chester-Whites.

### A Few Definitions.

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**MICHIGAN FARMER**  
—AND—  
**State Journal of Agriculture.**  
A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.  
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**P. B. BROMFIELD,**  
Manager of Eastern Office,  
21 Park Row, New York.

**The Michigan Farmer**  
—AND—  
**State Journal of Agriculture.**  
DETROIT, TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1884.

**WHEAT.**

Owing to the adjournment of the Board of Trade from Thursday until Monday receipts were not reported this week, but they were light. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 147,973 bu., against 155,356 last week, and 807,455 the corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on May 24 was 17,978,563 bu., against 19,207,790 the previous week, and 20,146,858 bu., at corresponding date in 1883. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 1,229,227 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending May 24 were 807,454 bu., against 782,758 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 7,942,692 bu., against 6,696,315 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

The week opened with a pretty strong feeling in this grain owing to the light receipts and scarcity of cash wheat. This continued until Wednesday, but after that a weaker feeling set in which started prices downward. On Thursday the Board adjourned over until Monday, consequently no quotations can be given for the intervening days. Yesterday the market was dull and depressed, and prices for spot were 1¢ to 1½¢ lower than at the close on Thursday. Advances from Chicago showed wheat to be steady there, with prices a shade higher than on Thursday, which is rather to be wondered at in the face of the political excitement prevailing there at present. Some dealers regard wheat as good property at present prices. New York was slightly lower. The stringency in the money market operates against any advance in wheat.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from May 10th to June 2d:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
May 10	1.05	1.02 1/2	1.00	98 1/2
May 11	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 12	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 13	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 14	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 15	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 16	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 17	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 18	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 19	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 20	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 21	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 22	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 23	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 24	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 25	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 26	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 27	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 28	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 29	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 30	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
May 31	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
June 1	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
June 2	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2

The following table shows the closing prices of the various deals each day during the week:

	June	July	August	Sept
Tuesday	1.05	1.02 1/2	1.00	98 1/2
Wednesday	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
Thursday	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
Friday	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
Saturday	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2
Monday	1.04 1/2	1.01 1/2	99 1/2	97 1/2

The option business in this market appears to have nearly "played out." The crop of suckers has been very light in the country the past year, and as a consequence many Board of Trade men are yet wearing their winter overcoats and showing other signs of hard times. The only satisfaction that can be had out of this state of affairs is that what is their loss is some one else's gain.

The decline in wheat is not likely to continue, as the stocks of wheat in the country are dwindling very rapidly. The Produce Exchange Weekly says:

"The visible supply of wheat is being rapidly diminished, largely by the consumption of the eastern, middle, and southern states. This was pointed out in circulars of March 7 and 14, 1884, on first page of circulars. The visible supply of wheat December 20, 1883, was 35,507,400 bushels and on May 24, 1884, it was 31,798,563 bushels, being a decrease in 31 weeks of nearly fifty per cent. The crop prospects for wheat in all of Europe are mostly favorable, but the crop prospects in Europe will be early or late. Exports from Australia begin to lag, as Australian farmers are not satisfied with the low prices, and will not sell their fine quality of wheat at the prices bid by shippers. The New Zealand wheat harvest is late, and was harvested in a damaged condition. The exports from Bombay, Calcutta and Kurachee of wheat have slightly increased, but the indications are that the movement from that quarter to Northwestern Europe will be very much less than in 1883, during May, June and July. The threatened famine in some districts will keep wheat for consumption in India. The output of the Wheat crop in the United Kingdom in 1883-4 is yet undetermined. The stocks there are declining, and are now about normal. Stocks of wheat on the Continent of Europe are growing smaller. The indications point to smaller exports from Russia this season than last, but South Russia had larger wheat stocks May 1, 1884, than on May 1, 1883. Freight the world over is unremunerative to the carrier, but for loading in later months are dearer. Will this make wheat any cheaper delivered in Europe? The English and French farmers have, during the last months, been selling their wheat below the cost of production. Will they continue doing this with declining stocks in their favor?"

This gives the "bull" side of the market very fairly, and is based on good information. The other side of the question of the future of wheat is the fact that the season is advancing and the harvest of 1884 is every day approaching nearer, and

the remaining crop of 1883 may some of it be carried to the account of 1884. Then there are the chances of the weather the next six days and its effect on the maturity of the crop of 1884, and its harvest in good or bad condition, all important points to be considered.

The reports of the growing crop are of a mixed character, but generally promising. The crop of 1884 will not be as large as those of some other years, but if it receives no further injury until harvest should be a good average one.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	May 25,	June 2,
	per cent.	per cent.
Flour, extra State	11s. 8d.	11s. 8d.
Wheat, No. 1 white	8s. 7d.	8s. 7d.
do No. 2 white	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.
do do new	7s. 4d.	7s. 4d.
do Western 1883	7s. 8d.	7s. 8d.

**CORN AND OATS.**

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were very light, but owing to the adjournment of the Board of Trade no report of receipts was published. The visible supply in the country on May 24 amounted to 8,452,550 bu. against 9,967,919 bu. the previous week, and 13,442,341 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 515,369 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 434,386 bu., against 613,088 the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 4,662,151 bu., against 10,769,028 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 32,269 bu., against 11,349 bu. last week, and 22,467 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Corn shows more firmness, the result of rapidly decreasing stocks and a fear of the result of the recent frosts, which appear to have been quite damaging over quite a considerable territory. No. 2 is selling here at 57½¢ per bu., new mixed at 55¢ and rejected at 54½¢. The immense receipts of oats from the west are exercising a depressing influence upon corn, and prevent prices from advancing. At Chicago the market is dull and prices about the same as a week ago. For spot No. 2 quotations are 55½¢; in futures June is quoted at 56½¢, July at 57½¢, and August at 58½¢. The Toledo market is quiet and lower, high mixed being quoted at 58¢, and rejected at 56¢; June delivery is quoted at 57½¢, and July at 58½¢. The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 5s. 3d. per cental for new mixed and 5s. 4d. for old do., the same figures as reported a week ago.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week have more than met the demand. The visible supply of this grain on May 24 was 3,088,005 bu., against 4,102,574 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 55,290 bu., against 12,223 bu. the previous week, and 22,467 bu. at the same date last year. Oats are lower and depressed from the heavy receipts being received from the west. Yesterday No. 2 white spot sold at 37½¢, and for June delivery down to 36½¢. No. 2 mixed spot are quoted at 34½¢, and for June delivery at 34½¢. At Chicago oats are weak and depressed, latest quotations being 31½¢ for No. 2 mixed spot, June delivery at 31½¢, July at 32½¢, August at 29¢ per bu. Receipts in that market the past week have been very heavy. At New York the market has ruled quiet but steady, with values on some grades higher than a week ago. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 37¢; No. 2 do., 38½¢; No. 1 do., 39¢; No. 2 Chicago mixed, 40¢; No. 3 white, 39½¢; No. 2 do., 40½¢; No. 1 white, 44¢; Western white, 40½¢; State white, 43½¢.

**WHEAT.**

The eastern markets are quiet, at about the range of values noted for some weeks. On some grades there is a decline in prices reported, but at this season of the year with only picked-over stocks to select from, and the new clip beginning to arrive, manufacturers are refusing to take old stocks except at a discount. The wool being offered under various names is frequently an inferior article, or perhaps a different grade from the one reported in the sale, just as Wisconsin X wools, which rule from 1½¢ to 2¢ per lb. below Michigan X, have been reported in the sales as Michigan.

At Boston a little more business was done than for the previous week, the sales footing up 1,154,900 pounds domestic and 228,100 pounds foreign, or 1,383,000 pounds in all; against 1,154,900 pounds the previous week; and 1,149,261 pounds for the corresponding week of last year. Moderate quantities of new wool are being received in that market from Texas, California, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, Wyoming and other sections. Fine 12 months Texas has sold at 22½¢ to 24¢, equal to 60¢ scoured, and other lots of Texas all the way from 15¢ to 22¢. Sales of average Southern California have been made at prices equal to 53¢ to 57¢ clean, and choice at 60¢. New fine Wyoming has sold at 62¢. Texas wools are being taken in the growing sections with a fair degree of freedom, but the less popular wools of Southern California are being taken but slowly. The Boston Commercial Bulletin says of the market:

"The dullness in the manufacturing interest is still the prominent feature of the market, and is naturally much advertised at this season for a false move on the part of wool dealers during the next four weeks would spell their whole year's business. Nevertheless, we find no change in prices since our last report. Supplies of desirable old wools are very small, and it is difficult to determine the paternity of what fleeces are offered here under various names at the flag end of the season. Even the supply of Australian wool is gradually fading away, although purchases from week to week appear moderate. The price of choice super pulled wools has been slightly reduced, 38¢ being now accepted for the selections which were recently 40¢."

**DAIRY PRODUCTS.**

The butter market seems to have become demoralized through a superabundance of stock, largely of the lower grades, and a light demand from outside sources. The local trade demands a good quality of butter, and a fair supply of that grade is now coming forward. The best of the general receipts bring 17¢ per lb., and fresh packed crocks and tubs range from 15¢ to 17¢ per lb. Old butter is a drug in the market, and there is really no outlet for it at any price. Creamery is being received in considerable quantities, and ranges in price from 22¢ to 25¢, the latter for the choicest of the receipts. The outlook is not favorable for any improvement in prices at present, as the decline in this market is general at all other points. At Chicago the receipts are free, and of the best average quality of any former season. Prices are low there, but fairly firm at quotations, which are as follows: Fancy creamery, 19¢ to 20¢; fair to choice do., 16¢ to 18¢; fancy dairy, 16¢ to 17¢; choice dairy, 14¢ to 15¢; fair to good do., 12¢ to 13¢; common grades, 10¢ to 11¢; packing stock, 7¢ to 8¢. The New York market is in a very unsatisfactory condition, and values are off 2¢ to 3¢ per lb. on all grades except western since our last report. Even at the present low range rate is light and buyers very particular in regard to quality. State stock is quoted there as follows:

Creamery, fancy	22 1/2
Creamery, choice	18 1/2
Creamery, prime	17 1/2
Creamery, fair to good	16 1/2
Creamery, ordinary	15 1/2
Half-drain tubs, best	13 1/2
Half-drain tubs, fair to good	12 1/2
Whole tubs, best	11 1/2
Whole tubs, fair to good	10 1/2

**Quotations on western stock in that market are as follows:**

Western imitation creamery, choice	22 1/2
Western do., ordinary to fair	14 1/2
Western factory, best current make	14 1/2
Western factory, fair to good	13 1/2
Western factory, ordinary	8 1/2

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending May 31 were 145,643 lbs., against 201,640 lbs. the previous week, and 232,343 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1883 were 106,081 lbs.

The warm weather, increased receipts at all leading points and a decline in foreign markets have united to depress the cheese trade. Values are lower, and far from steady at the decline. For the best make of full cream State 12½¢ is the top price, and 12¢ generally covers the bulk of the rates. Ohio cheese, of which there has been considerable in market for some time, has dropped to 11¢ to 11½¢ for best.

Inferior grades of cheese are not inquired for, and 8¢ is about all that could be got for them. At Chicago only a very restricted demand exists, and at the lowest range of prices for a long time. Shippers have got so low that they are not liable to go any lower, but a further decline is looked for in full cream stock. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, per lb., 11¢ to 11½¢; full cream flats, 11¢ to 11½¢; flats slightly skimmed, 5¢ to 6¢; common to fair skins, 2¢ to 3¢; low grades, 1¢ to 2¢; Young American, 12¢; do., half cream 9¢ to 10¢. The New York market is again lower, and weak on all grades through larger receipts and a decline in the foreign markets. The demand for export is light, and stock appears accumulating. The quotations below are all for new stock:

State factory, full cream	10 1/2
State factory, 1½% m.p. prime to choice	10 1/2
State factory, skins, fair to good	9 1/2
State factory, ordinary	9 1/2
Ohio flats, prime to choice	9 1/2
Ohio flats, ordinary to good	7 1/2
Skims, Pennsylvania, prime to choice	2 1/2
Skims, Pennsylvania, fair to good	2 1/2
Skims, ordinary	1 1/2

**THE LIVERPOOL MARKET IS QUOTED DOLLAR PER CWT., A DECLINE OF 2s. FROM THE FIGURES REPORTED ONE WEEK AGO.**

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 56,038 boxes against 34,534 boxes the previous week, and 31,875 boxes the corresponding week in 1883. The exports from all American ports for the week ending May 24 foot up 3,335,985 lbs., against 855,453 lbs. the previous week, and 1,569,286 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 1,984,344 lbs.

**WOOL.**

The eastern markets are quiet, at about the range of values noted for some weeks. On some grades there is a decline in prices reported, but at this season of the year with only picked-over stocks to select from, and the new clip beginning to arrive, manufacturers are refusing to take old stocks except at a discount. The wool being offered under various names is frequently an inferior article, or perhaps a different grade from the one reported in the sale, just as Wisconsin X wools, which rule from 1½¢ to 2¢ per lb. below Michigan X, have been reported in the sales as Michigan.

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**LIST OF TOPICS.**

1. Use and Abuse of Water in Horticulture.
2. Insect Enemies of the Rose.
3. History and cultivation of the rose.
4. The A. B. C. of Raspberry culture.
5. Fruit trees and other parts of the State Branch societies are especially invited to send delegates, and representatives from societies in sister States will be cordially received.
6. Early attempts at growing fruit in the Saginaw valley.
7. How best to utilize fruit in the house.
8. Horticulture for city people.
9. Sweet corn—its growth, management, varieties, methods of preserving, etc.
10. The relation of the household to the garden.
11. Neatness a factor in gathering and marketing fruits.
12. Practical hints in strawberry culture.
13. The work of science in perfecting the strawberry.
14. The Lawn and Flower Garden.
15. The Potato Family of Plants.

**THE ONTARIO WHEAT CROP.**

Mr. Archibald Blue, Secretary of the Bureau of Industries of the Province of Ontario, sends us a report of the condition of fall wheat in that Province on May 18, of which the following is a summary:

"Reports received from over 600 correspondents of the Bureau show that the condition of fall wheat in the Province is much more satisfactory than it was in May of last year. Yet it is not uniformly good, and there are some districts in which the outlook is somewhat gloomy. This is noticeably the case in the extreme ends of the Province—westward of the meridian of longitude 80° west, and eastward of the meridian of longitude 75° west. For the large middle district the accounts are on the whole favorable, and the weather of this month has caused a marked improvement to take place everywhere. Complete returns of the acreage under crop have not yet been received, but as far as they have been obtained they indicate an area twenty per cent less than last year."

**THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD HAS ISSUED A NEAT LEAFLET FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION AT THE CHICAGO CONVENTIONS.**

It includes a map of the United States, nicely printed, upon which the line of the great C. B. & Q. R. R. shows to great advantage. The electoral vote of the various States is also given in tabular form, and the aggregate vote cast for every candidate for President and Vice President from 1824 to 1880. There is also a blank for the votes of the convention, arranged in alphabetical order, upon which a record of each vote by States as cast may be kept. If you want, one send a postal card to Percival Lowell, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. C., Chicago, Ill.

**MR. J. H. GARDNER OF CENTERTVILLE, ST. JOSEPH CO., SAYS THAT ICE QUARTER OF AN INCH THICK FORMED ON THE NIGHT OF THE 28TH.**

Strawberries, grapes and apples nearly all killed. Beans, corn and potatoes cut to the ground; clover in fields frozen stiff, and was black next morning at 9 o'clock.

Manufacturers do not find ready sale for their goods, and are inclined to decrease production; this, in addition to the general conservatism, restricts trade. Still, there is a fair business doing, and, when sales are compared with the same period of other years, it will be seen that this is usually a very dull period anyhow. Buyers are naturally holding back until prices becomes established; but as soon as shearing is general, we look for more trade, as it will then be apparent at what figures the new clip can be had. Wool is not going out of fashion, and if proper attention is paid to getting good wool, and Eastern quotations are followed, there will be more money made this season by shippers than during the years when the outlook was brighter.

"Of washed sales are light, but stocks are gradually disappearing, as there are but few receipts, and by the time the Ohio clip is short and ready for market, there will be but few old lots left to compete with it. Fine is still depressed by the large quantity of Australian held in London. Medium is neglected. Quarter blood in light demand. Ohio buyers have generally paid much higher prices for medium than for fine clips, but this year such discrimination is unequalled for excepting when the wool is largely medium coming, and even then the difference should not be as great as heretofore."

As yet but few washed fleeces have been offered in this State, and those by farmers who are more or less short of ready money from the crop failure of the past year, who have sent in their clips as early as possible. The prices generally paid are not satisfactory, ranging from 18 to 20¢ for fine unwashed, and 25¢ to 27¢ for washed. We give reports from various points in another part of this paper.

**STOCK NOTES.**

The death is announced of Mr. T. J. Carwardine, the most famous of the English breeders of Herefords. He was successful in the show ring and also as a breeder, and is said to have received an income of fully \$100,000 per year from the cattle imports of the United States.

**GLANDERS IS SAID TO BE VERY COMMON IN SOME PARTS OF KANSAS,**

and recently three persons have died from the terrible disease, contracted from horses. One of these was a little girl, who was inoculated with the disease by a pet horse. So says the Kansas Live Stock Journal.

**THE LONDON LIVE STOCK JOURNAL GIVES IT AS ITS OPINION THAT THE SHORTHORN INTEREST, SO LONG DORMANT IN GREAT BRITAIN, IS REVIVING VERY RAPIDLY.**

At the Shorthorn sale of Mr. Loder, recently held in England, 38 females averaged \$493, and nine bulls \$757.30. At the sale of Mr. Fox's Elmhurst Shorthorns, 39 head averaged \$343. The highest priced animal, Cherry's Duchess of Elmhurst 31, was bought by Mr. H. Y. Attridge, of Goderich, Ont., for \$1,102.50.

**MR. C. E. TITTSWORTH, OF GROVELAND, N. Y., SENDS THE FOLLOWING ITEMS RESPECTING THE SHEARING OF HIS FLOCK OF MERINOS:**

"As I see by your last paper J. S. Beecher sent in the average of his ewe lambs shorn by Ruby's Boy. I send you mine. My flock numbers in all 54 ewes, which gave an average of 14 pounds per head, and four yearlings bred by Ruby's Boy and one sired by Stickney's 'Red head' (which was all I had) shorn 16 lbs. 17 lbs. 8 oz., 18 lbs. 3 oz., 21 lbs. 4 oz. and 17 lbs. 13 oz., an average of 18 lbs. 2 oz. per head. Three of these were shorn at the State Shorthorn sale, and the four yearlings were bred by J. S. Beecher."

The department of agriculture estimates the total cattle loss last winter from disease, exposure, etc., at about 4½ per cent, or 1,813,798 head. These animals are mainly lost by exposure to weather, and most of them in the pastoral or ranch belt and in the Southern States. At two-thirds the average value of cattle in January last, the total loss would exceed \$30,000,000. Ohio lost two per cent, or 20,876 head; Indiana, three per cent, or 40,864 head; Illinois, three per cent, or 70,300 head. The heaviest loss, nine per cent, was in Louisiana, followed by Mississippi and Florida, each eight per cent, or 10,000 head, or 298,712 head; and Montana with mercury down to 40 degrees below, lost but four per cent.

**NOTES ABOUT WOOL AND SHEEP.**

The third annual meeting of the American Southdown Association will be held at the Le Land Hotel, Springfield, Ill., on Wednesday, June 4, 1884, at 7:30 p. m. J. H. Potts is President of the Association, and S. E. Prather Secretary.

**A CORRESPONDENT AT FARMINGTON, OAKLAND COUNTY, SENDS US A REPORT OF THE SHEARING OF HIS FLOCK IN THAT VICINITY CALLED GEN. GRANT JR.**

He is three years old, and his fleece this season, of one year and 14 days growth, was 36 pounds. He was bred by L. Sprague, of Farmington, sired by Wood's Peerless, dam bred by L. Sprague and sired by Wood's Usurper.

**MR. JOHN LESTER, OF JERSEY, OAKLAND COUNTY, SENDS US A REPORT OF THE SHEARING OF HIS FLOCK OF 190 SOUTHDOENS AND SHROPSHIRE SHEARED MAY 24. HE SAYS:**

"The Southdowns are lighter shearers than the Shropshires, but altogether the flock of 120 averaged a fraction less than seven pounds. Many of the yearling Shropshires have shorn 10 pounds, some 11 pounds and over. One yearling ram shorn 12½ pounds. They were from an imported Shropshire ram. I would add, in answer to some inquiry how my Shropshires are bred, that I have my fourth Shropshire from a ewe that I bred the first Shropshire ram to were Southdown and Hampshire, formerly descended from the Whitfield Hampshire Downs. I believe the Shropshire to be the best general purpose sheep from which to raise early lambs, wool and mutton, as well as for their general hardiness."

**L. SPRAGUE, OF FARMINGTON, OAKLAND COUNTY, SENDS US A REPORT OF THE WEIGHTS OF SOME OF HIS LAMBS.**

A ewe lamb one month and 13 days old, by Wood's Sheldon 48, dam L. S. 12, by Wood's Usurper, weighed 27 pounds. Ram lamb one month and three days old, sire Sheldon 48, dam bred by S. James, Vermont, weighed 23½ pounds. Ram one month and one day old, sire Short's Diamond, dam L. S. 59, by Centennial 302, weighed 26½ pounds. Ram one month and three days old, sire Diamond, dam L. S. 14, by Wood's Peerless, weighed 25½ pounds. He also sends in a report of the shearing of some of his flock. Four yearling ewes averaged 16 pounds 12 ounces; a ewe five years old gave a fleece of 14 pounds eight ounces, and one six years old 18 pounds. Two one-year-old rams shorn 14 pounds and 15 pounds 12 ounces, respectively; a two-year-old ram gave a fleece of 30 pounds, and the stock ram Centennial 302, shorn 36 pounds. His entire flock of 40 ewes and 12 rams averaged 13 pounds two ounces.

**WOOL SALES IN THE INTERIOR.**

The first sale of washed wool at Lansing brought 27¢.

At Nashville one lot of washed is reported to have sold at 28¢.

The first clip of wool marketed at Grass Lake brought 27¢.

The Pontiac Gazette quotes wool at 28 to 32 cents per pound.

Sales of unwashed are reported at Allegan on a basis of 18¢.

Kalamazoo buyers paid 25 cents for the first wool marketed there.

Washed wool is selling at St. Joseph at 25¢ to 27¢, and unwashed at 16¢ to 18¢ per pound.

The Pleuro-Pneumonia bill has passed the House and Senate, but greatly changed, and now but awaits the signature of the President to become law. In its present shape it only provides for Commissioners to investigate without giving them authority to take measures to eradicate the disease. In addition, it creates a Bureau of Animal Industry under the jurisdiction of the Committee on Agriculture. It may result in furnishing a little information in regard to the disease, but will be a dead letter so far as putting a stop to its ravages is concerned.

The summer meeting of the Missouri State Horticultural Society will be held at Springfield, Missouri, June 10 and 11, 1884. Upon invitation of the horticulturists of that place a premium list has been prepared, which includes strawberries, cherries and flowers.

It is reported from Sturgis, Mich., that several farmers of that vicinity have been taking a flyer in a wheat deal, and are heavy losers. B. F. Sheldon of Burr Oak, is said to be out about \$40,000 on the same deal. Boys, you should quit betting on another man's game.

**THE OWASSO PRESS QUOTES UNWASHED WOOL AT 16 TO 19 CENTS; WASHED AT 25 TO 26 CENTS.**

Several sales are reported at Cassopolis on a basis of 19¢ to 20¢ for unwashed, and 25¢ to 27¢ for washed.







## Poetry.

## LILIES.

Down where the sounding waters flow  
The fleur-de-lis and sweet flag grow;  
Out on the prairie, mid the glare  
Of July sun and heated air,  
We see amid the growing corn,  
Of Summer's light and splendor born,  
In matchless majesty revealed  
The queen-like lily of the field.  
And see the tiger lily flaunt  
Her banners gorgeous and exultant:  
The eye with flame of red and gold,  
As wider yet her leaves unfold.  
Narcissus! in the shady nook,  
Beside the ever-murmuring brook,  
A tale of sweetness thou dost know,  
The wondrous freight of mythic woe.  
Down 'mid the cool leaves, dark and green,  
Her chalice of white is seen.  
The lovely maid, pure and pale,  
The saint-like lily of the vale;  
And fairest just before decay,  
And growing lovelier day by day,  
The calla lily lifts her cup  
And holds it in her joyance up,  
While on the breast of waters deep  
The sweetest lilies lie asleep,  
And swaying gently to and fro  
Blush pink beneath the sun's last glow,  
And open wide their lustrous leaves  
When he his victory achieves  
Over dark night, which throweth down  
To earth a last regretful frown,  
Then swift departs with dragon team,  
With goblin fell, and mystic dream.  
—Inter-Ocean.

## THE SHIPS THAT SAIL AWAY.

I think of the ships that sail away—  
The white-winged ships that sail away,  
Freighted with fears and wanted tears,  
And joys we gathered for long, long years,  
For the possible rainy day.  
I sleep and dream of the white-winged ships  
That glide from the shores of life away;  
That swiftly glide with the ebbing tide,  
Bearing my joys to the farther side,  
Into the twilight gray.  
Oh, ships that vanish into the past!  
Are none to return to the port at last?  
Shall I vainly wait at the seaward gate,  
Beaten and bruised, and scarred by fate,  
Chilled by the winter blast?

The ships that carry my grief, alas!  
Have built of iron and shrouds of brass:  
The storm's impact leaves them intact,  
Though harried on the jagged rocks of Fate  
Where fearful breakers mass!  
—Portland Transcript.

## Miscellaneous.

## MRS. BATTERY'S CRAZY QUILT.

Mrs. Battery was a model wife and mother.

Please to remark, dear reader, I say this, because after careful observation and deep consideration of the subject, I am convinced that a woman who allows herself to fall under the baleful spell of "crazy" patchwork, becomes surely and swiftly lost to every other influence, and heedless of every other appeal either to her conscience or her affections.

Well, Mrs. Battery was a dear little roly-poly of a woman, with dark blue eyes, and a soft, gurgling laugh that was perfectly infectious, and which had the added charm of suddenly bringing into view two rows of little white teeth and some hitherto unsuspected dimples. Her bright brown hair waved naturally on either side of her smooth, white forehead, and Mr. Battery, who had the reputation of being quite a connoisseur in female beauty, and given to admiring showy, brilliant women, thought there never was anything in these days of bangs and frizzes, so exquisitely feminine, and bewitching, and suggestive of home and happiness, as that tiny white parting in his wife's bounteous brown hair, and the little rippling waves on her white brow.

However, he simply remarked that he "liked that way of wearing her hair," and let it go at that. In his instantaneous mental conceptions of her, there was always distinct in his mind, her bright, loving glance, her pretty brow and hair, her dark dress and white apron, and plump, white hands; and generally he thought of her with a baby in her arms. They had been married ten years, and there had been three children, so that Mr. Battery had good cause to remember his wife as holding a babe.

I must confess that Mrs. Battery was not a great reader. But then, her husband was, and as she was very sympathetic and receptive, and he was fond of conversation, she became, so to speak, infused with current information, and had the leisure she might otherwise have spent in reading, in which to manufacture little ornamental knick-knacks for the house.

But Mrs. Battery knew a good many things which books do not teach. She knew corned beef and cabbage make the best dinner for a hungry man in seven cases out of nine. She knew that a great many disagreeable things happen in a house, which, (unless his wife tells him,) the master of a house will never know—and it isn't best he should. She knew that as neither Mr. Battery nor she were angels, their progeny would not be, and that therefore diversion was sometimes better than discipline. She knew—

but there is no editor who can afford to give space enough for the record. Suffice it to say that poor little Peter Lowe, Johnny Battery's great friend, whose father and mother being missionaries, had returned to their native land after ten years of exile, and having placed their children in good Christian families, had gone back childless and free to health—

used to wish as he lay crying at night in his lonely bed, that he had Mrs. Battery for a mother; and all of her children's playmates thought it must be delightful to have a mother who could make such lovely costumes and furniture for paper dolls, or help a fellow so about scrap-books, and kites, and reins. So you see why I call her a model mother. And considering her in the light of a wife, Mr. Perkins, the right-hand neighbor, whose wife never having had any children, and detesting housework, had become his most invaluable business associate in his dentist's office, and the left-hand neighbor, Mr. Greer, whose wife was very intelligent and wrote works on art, and Dr.

Mattock round the corner, whose wife was musical and sang in a choir and at church concerts, etc., and was therefore away from home a good deal—all these held the private opinion that Battery was a wonderfully lucky man in his wife, and doubted, with a slight feeling of envy, if he appreciated his own good fortune.

Such a woman it was who fell a victim to that "crazy quilt" mania, which is now insidiously undermining the moral and intellectual character of the females in all ranks of life throughout this whole country.

It was Mme. Pumpnickel, who, being herself demented, introduced this contagious mania into this hitherto happy household. Who was Mme. Pumpnickel? Everybody asked that the moment they saw her. With her gray hair coiled like a coronet on her well-poised head, and her air of good-breeding, and her lively wit, and her gracious manner, one almost expected to hear she was a Duchess. But in reality she was only a woman of defeated possibilities. She might have been a world-renowned pianist if she had not been born to poverty. She might have been a Senator's wife if she had married her first love. She would have been a great writer if she had been a better talker, and she would have been celebrated as a wonderful conversationalist if she had been born to wealth, and in Boston, instead of spending her first twenty years in learning and teaching music in a Western State.

But despite her disadvantages Mme. Pumpnickel's consciousness of her own superiority to criticism never deserted her, and never failed to impress, with more or less intensity, those with whom she came in contact.

So when Mme. Pumpnickel opened her valise, and from every part of it came tumbling out silk rags, snippings and clippings of every shade and shape, she said, in her gay way:

"I travel like an aesthetic ragman. It's my 'crazy quilt.' You must have one. Everybody is making them. They are elegant." And Mrs. Battery immediately decided to have one.

That night, when Mr. Battery, who, as one of Chicago's prominent men had been requested to attend a "ratification meeting" down town, arrived home at 10:30 P. M., he looked over the banisters into the dining-room, and involuntarily exclaimed:

"Up yet? Why, what in the world are you doing?"

Well might he exclaim.

The floor of the room into which he looked was strewn with rags; the dining-table was heaped with them; and, bending over the table, arrayed in loose wrappers, their cheeks flushed, and their hair disheveled in their eagerness, were his wife and her guest, pulling about and tossing around the heap of silk scraps.

"Oh, I'm making a 'crazy quilt'!" abstractedly returned his wife, scarcely raising her eyes from her work. "Mme. Pumpnickel is helping me plan squares."

Mr. Battery looked on a moment, his habitual abiding sense of a man's inability to comprehend the mysterious workings of the feminine intellect enabling him to maintain a becoming composure of manner.

"Well, good-night!" he said, with the air of one who was giving up a problem.

But as he turned to go, his eye was caught by the familiar pattern of one silken fragment. He drew it from the heap.

"My old necktie! another of my scarfs!" "Now, Gustave!" cried Mrs. Battery, snatching it away; "you gave up wearing that years ago!"

"Here is one I bought in Paris," said Mr. Battery, giving another pull at the pile, and bringing out a rich blue satin scarf.

"And she is so close and stingy with them, she won't cut one!" cried Mme. Pumpnickel, gayly.

"Here, Mme. Pumpnickel, I'll give you this for your quilt," very gallantly responded Mr. Battery, handing over the bright silken ribbon.

"Oh!" involuntarily gasped his wife. "Why, Gustave! and I've been saying that to use in some such way as this, these five years!"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Battery! Now I shall always have something to remind me of you, in my quilt. Now, you see how your wife feels about it! But I shall not divide with her!"

"No, you keep it all!" jocosely advised Mr. Battery, keeping up the joke; and he betook himself to bed, leaving the two women delving into the rags.

They finished their squares, though Mrs. Battery had to let the baby cry a little while, till she pieced out a corner; but there was not quite the same cordiality between them, as before Mr. Battery's entrance. Mrs. Battery's good sense was all that restrained her from jealousy.

She knew what a belle and flirt Mme. Pumpnickel used to be, and "really," she was mentally saying, "gray hairs and wrinkles would not prevent her being a coquette yet. Will she really take advantage of Gustave's fun and carry away that scarf she knows I was hoarding?"

But Mme. Pumpnickel, (who had a keen sense of humor, and read Mrs. Battery's mind like a book,) really did carry the scarf away to her valise, and poor little Mrs. Battery, (who lay awake that night planning squares, and thought about that beautiful tie, and Gustave's reckless generosity, never saw again the treasure of which her husband and her guest had so ruthlessly despoiled her.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning, the two women sat down to their work.

"I'm going to let Mary dress the baby and pick up the house. I'll just let things go, and devote myself to you."

"Yes, and we'll see how many squares of your quilt we can finish while I'm here."

"We must go to the opera matinee this afternoon, you know."

"Dear me! I hardly feel as if we could take the time," cried Mme. Pumpnickel, who was a musician by nature and training, and adored the opera.

They worked on their respective squares till the last minute, barely allowing themselves time to dress and swallow a cup of tea, each.

"We shall be a little late," said Mrs. Battery, when they were almost at their destination. The next moment she gave a little cry of consternation.

"Oh, mercy! If I didn't leave our tickets on the mantelpiece!"

"How long will it take for us to go back for them?"

"Forty minutes, and forty back. Call it an hour and a half. The opera will be nearly over. How stupid of me!"

"Never mind. We can stop and buy that pink satin for your quilt, and then go home and plan two more squares" before we go to bed."

"I know you only say that to relieve me. You must be dreadfully disappointed! Oh, they're well-named 'crazy quilts'!"

"Yes; but you see I must leave you Friday, so there is only one more day for us to work on the quilt. Dear child," pleaded Mme. Pumpnickel, earnestly, and laying her hand on Mrs. Battery's arm, "don't, don't stop until your quilt is finished!"

"Not even to eat and sleep?"

"Oh, I suppose you'll be obliged to stop for those things," returned Mme. Pumpnickel, half in jest, half in earnest; "but you must not let anything else hinder you. Delay would be fatal. Your armor would soon cool."

But Mr. Battery, in the goodness of his heart, brought home theatre tickets for that night, and the ladies, with secret reluctance, tore themselves away from their rags and accompanied him, but the play being a society drama gave great display of costumes, and afforded the two demented creatures many occasions to whisper aside, such as:

"Look at that elegant brocade she has on. Wouldn't I just like a piece of that in my quilt!"

"See that rich purple velvet in that page's cloak! Wouldn't that show in your square?"

"I'd just like to snip a piece off that lady's bonnet-strings. We haven't any green that lights up at night."

Fortunately Mr. Battery could not hear these remarks or he might have feared for his wife's mental condition, and as he sat between the ladies in the car returning home they were obliged to make an attempt at least to speak on other topics besides crazy quilts. The next day, to the great delight of the ladies, it stormed.

"We shall have no callers, and we can't go out," they said. So they sat in the midst of rags, snipping, clipping, basting, too busy to comb their hair or change their morning dresses until the daylight began to wane.

"O dear! It's too bad to have to stop, but I suppose we must," said Mme. Pumpnickel. "We must make ourselves decent before Mr. Battery comes."

And just then there was a ring at the door and a telegram from Mr. Battery that business would keep him down till between nine and ten o'clock.

"And now we needn't dress," joyously cried Mme. Pumpnickel. "I shall finish this square before I go to bed. I am determined on it."

But it did seem to Mrs. Battery as if the children were never so worrisome before. What was the reason three-year-old Edith should be so tiresome about getting to bed? And then after she was there she wanted the pillow fixed, and the sheet smoothed, and a drink of water, and the last moment she called her mamma back because she hadn't said her prayers. Then when the impatient mother again reached the stairs the little girl called:

"Mamma, mamma, Edie wants dollie."

The usually gentle mother, frantic at separation from her "crazy quilt," returned, and snatching up the battered, bald-headed object of Edie's affections tossed it into the crib.

"There, dollie, get into bed with you," she said crossly. "You haven't got to say any prayers, because you haven't got any soul."

Edie snatched up her child and turned on her mother with flashing eyes.

"Thee hab tot tum too too!" she roared.

Mrs. Battery, smitten with remorse, kissed her child and soothed her, and yet it did not occur to the mother how strong and baleful must be the influence which could render her thus hard and petulant to her darling Edith, patient and tender and considerate of the feelings of dollie's mother as she generally was.

The next day Mme. Pumpnickel departed, but the evil which she had disseminated remained. Mrs. Battery grew worse daily, until she became a hopeless crazy-quilt maniac. At length the two mantels and book-shelves, the rent tablecloths, the children's buttonless garments, and her wife's neglected toilet began to force themselves even on Mr. Battery's unobtrusive eyes. He began to trace a connection between these things and the different squares of silk patchwork, some one of which was always pinned on the inside of the nursery door. Apparently casual inquiries as to his wife's employment and occupations on different days led only to disclosures that some other feminine sufferer from the mania had called to leave a fresh collection of rags, or that Mrs. Battery had been to some neighbor's to leave a bundle of promised scraps for another afflicted creature, or that some recently-inoculated woman had called for direction—and advice about her crazy-quilt. The devoted husband, his attention now drawn to the subject, was alarmed to observe how fixed a hold the terrible mania had taken upon his poor wife's aberrant mind. It was only Sunday she abstained from creative work upon this destroyer of domestic happiness. But it was, after all, only a physical abstinence, for her husband marked her long memorizing gaze upon the illuminated texts above the pulpit wherein the gray-haired minister was impressing upon his hearers the spiritual darkness of the ancient Jews. Subsequently he saw the ornamental "conventional" forms, and the blending of tints reproduced in the crazy-quilt. He even thought, with a cold thrill of fear, that she might have so far forgotten the teaching of her childhood as to take her needle on Sunday. But no! she was the mother of Sunday school scholars! He banished the thought. He noted her roving, abstracted gaze over the congregation, and he divined the envy and covetousness in her soul as her eye

caught the beauty of some new tint in bonnet-trimming.

One cold morning Mrs. Battery's mother came in from the suburbs and surprised her daughter with a visit. Now, Mrs. Battery was a model of filial affection. One of the things she had learned without recourse to books was that a woman should always live to be a grandmother, because her daughters never appreciate her till they, in their turn, become mothers. But no sooner were the old lady's wrappings off than the crazy-quilt was brought to notice, and the daughter could not be induced to make any but a momentary digression on any other subject; but there she sat, only stopping reluctantly for lunch, "feather stitching" on her "square" as if her next day's bread depended on getting it done before night.

"Well, goodbye," said the old lady at parting. "If they conclude to send you to the asylum at Batavia, tell them to let me know immediately."

And she went back to the suburbs with a little chill of disappointment at her heart.

But while Mr. Battery was racking his brain to know how he could surreptitiously minister to his wife's diseased mind, a kind Providence was sending a blessing in disguise. It was something like the sensational society drama where the sickness of the child recalls the erring wife back to virtue.

Little Phillip fell ill. It was only the chicken pox, but, as the family physician said, "it was not once in a hundred times that there was such a severe case."

The morning of the fourth day of his illness, as the mother sat holding in her gentle arms the little sufferer, whose swollen face was covered with the confluent eruption, and whose beautiful blue eyes were closed by the disease, little Edie came and looked at her blind baby brother very thoughtfully.

"Phillie doin' to die?" she lisped.

"O no, darling! mamma hopes not."

"Mamma wouldn't let me go very bad. Mamma could work all ze time on her tazy twilt zen," rejoined Edie gravely.

The unconscious reproach went straight to the mother's awakened conscience.

As soon as her arms were temporarily freed from their beloved burden she gathered up all the materials of her crazy-quilt and put them in a bureau drawer in the sewing-room. In the drawer lay the five yards of dark-green plush for the border; for the squares were all ready to be put together. Five yards at two dollars a yard, ten dollars! And now there was all the expense of Phillip's sickness to meet. She half regretted the spending of the ten-dollar gold-piece Gustave had given her. He had told her to buy a comfortable house-dress with it. Not that he would ever ask what she did with it. But now she really needed the dress. And ten dollars just for the border of the quilt seemed a good deal. Satin would have been cheaper, of course. But then, plush was the thing. Still she sighed a little perplexed sigh as she shut the drawer.

The next Monday morning Bridget left her wash in the tubs, declaring she was sick, and must go home to her aunt's.

"An shure ye wudn't be kapin' karn' I'm that sick I can't stand on my two feet?"

So she got her full pay and she went, and when the strange washerwoman hired to finish the wash was gone, it was found that all the towels, and handkerchiefs, and stockings had vanished.

Then the intelligence office began to send its Bedouins through the kitchen of poor Mrs. Battery.

It was the same old tribe. In the course of three weeks they had them all—the girl who broke everything from the largest platter down to the handle of the furnace door, the girl who served her hair up with various dressings at each meal, the girl who put her potatoes on to cook when she heard Mr. Battery's voice in the hall, and baked all the griddle-cakes before the breakfast bell rang. And so forth and so on.

But they lived through it all, as people always do, and nothing ever really came of it all except a secret change of Mr. Battery's views on the subject of a Purgatory, and his growing conviction of such a place as a necessary adjunct to celestial housekeeping.

In the meantime the crazy quilt was almost forgotten. One day, however, when Mr. Battery was enjoying a day's vacation in the bosom of his family, a lady visitor came in, and somehow the new style of patchwork became the topic of the conversation.

"Ah, but you just ought to see my wife's quilt! Go get it, dear, and let Mrs. Smith see it!"

"It's not quite finished. Baby's sickness made me lay it away," demurred Mrs. Battery, who felt a strange reluctance to take out her old enslaver.

"Never mind. Show the squares."

"O do. I should so like to see them."

"Frettest things you ever saw!" enthusiastically said the proud husband.

Mrs. Battery rose and left the room. As she went slowly through the hall and up the stairs her mind vividly recalled that \$10 worth of plush. It seemed a pity not to let Mrs. Smith see that, and get a clear idea of the whole effect of the quilt. But it might set Gustave thinking. Of course the gold piece had been her extravagance. At least he would think it extravagant.

So thinking she opened the drawer. It was empty.

Mrs. Battery stood confounded. The other drawers were packed with old half-worn garments to be remade. No quilt in them. Gone—plush and squares. Also the gingham for aprons, and her unmade calico dress.

With a lightning flash she recalled sending Bridget to the bureau one Sunday afternoon for flannel for Phillip. The next Monday she left.

Mrs. Battery went back to the sitting-room. She was pale but dry-eyed. She told her woe.

"Never mind, my darling!" said her husband, putting his arm about her. "I'll buy you a handsome Marseilles spread."

Her hours, and days, and weeks of slavish work rose up before Mrs. Battery's mind, the tears rushed from her eyes.

"A Marseilles spread! What does a man know about a woman's feelings?" she sobbed.—Chicago Tribune.

## DOCTOR MACBRIDE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Dr. Aeneas Macbride was strong in comparative anatomy, and dissected everything that came in his way. His dissecting-room was in the court-yard of the Palazzo Carminali, Rome. But it was upstairs, in his library, and alone that "Il Scozese" carried out his choicest manipulations, and made the more delicate of his "preparations" of human muscles, arteries, veins and nerves, which, when completed, were displayed under glass shades on a large table in the centre of the apartment. It was at this table, having just finished the dissection of a very small hand—never mind to what kind of creature the hand, while it was a living one, had belonged—that he was sitting one evening in July, 1755, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had exhausted his supply of cochineal with which to tinge the melted wax which he proposed to inject on the morrow morning into the venous system of his "preparation."

Dr. Aeneas Macbride proceeded to the well-known druggist's shop kept by Sig. Panciarotto, at the corner of the Via de Condotti. It was one of the largest and handsomest shops in Rome. He made his purchase and placed the packet of cochineal in a side pocket.

"Stay," he suddenly exclaimed, pausing on the threshold; "I had forgotten something. You must make me up, if you please, that admirably efficacious sleeping draught with the secret of the formula of which only you and I are cognizant, and which has given ease to so many of my patients. Will you prepare it for me at once? I must take it with me."

"With pleasure, illustissimo ed eccellentissimo Dottore," said the apothecary, as he bustled from jar to jar and bottle to bottle, pouring various ingredients into a glass vial.

"This wonderful sleeping draught, to be sure. I have tried it on my wife, who, poor soul, endures agonies from the toothache, and it never fails in producing slumber. To be sure, had you not positively told me that the potion was quite harmless, I should have been afraid to use it; for the sleep which it brings about is so deep and so long as to be really like the sleep of death."

He had soon completed his task; and Dr. Macbride, placing the vial in his side pocket with the cochineal, left the *farmacia*. He crossed the Piazza di Spagna, in the direction of the College of the Propaganda; when, just as he had reached the spot where now is the monument, his path was crossed by a tall man, who was wrapped in a long brown cloak, and who wore his broad-brimmed hat slouched over his eyes.

"It's all very well for you to slouch your hat over your eyes, my friend," said Dr. Macbride to himself; "but I know that that cloak and veil, or I am grievously mistaken. They belong to the nameless man who lodges in one of the garrets at the Palazzo Carminali. I once nursed you through a fever, my friend, and gave you money to get your cloak out of pawn. I don't think that you would do me any harm, although folks do say that you are a *spadacino*—a hired assassin!"

Scarcely had he thus mentally expressed himself, when he heard, in a low voice behind him, the single word, "Eccolo!" "Here he is!" And immediately he was seized from behind by strong arms, a heavy cloak was thrown over his head and he was lifted from the ground and carried some yards. Then he was thrust forward on to what seemed to be some kind of bench or seat; the arms which had seized him had relaxed their grasp, a door was slammed and he became aware that he was in a rapidly moving wheeled vehicle.

Dr. Aeneas Macbride had in verity been kidnapped by two men, forcibly carried by them to a coach, one of the doors of which was standing wide, huddled into the vehicle and rapidly driven away. The whole proceeding, indeed, had been watched with the liveliest interest by an individual who was clad in a long brown cloak and who wore his hat slouched over his eyes and who—there is now no indiscretion in saying it—was the nameless man who lived in one of the garrets of the Palazzo Carminali and whose profession was conjectured to be that of an assassin for hire. And as he watched the carriage rapidly retreating into the shadows the nameless man was jingling some golden coins in his pocket and chuckling merrily.

"Ten ducats," he reflected—"ten ducats only for pointing out the Signor Dottore to them. And they have sworn not to do him any harm. Of course if they had wanted to harm him they would have stabbed the Signor Dottore; no, not for a hundred ducats. Let us go and drink a bottle of Chianti."

While the nameless man was thus congratulating himself on the successful result of his exceptionally bloodless night's work, unseen hands had relieved Dr. Aeneas Macbride of the heavy cloak in which he had been muffled, and in which he had been all but suffocated. He sat up, to find himself indeed in the interior of what was evidently a carriage belonging to some person of rank. The blinds were closely drawn down, but a small lamp hanging from the roof gave sufficient light for him to see that the opposite seat was occupied by two gentlemen very richly dressed, but whose countenances were wholly concealed by masks of black silk, having deep fringes of the same material. One of the gentlemen hastened to inform him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged, as the person into whose presence they were about to conduct him was a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode it was imperatively necessary to conceal. As he pulled the bandage out of his pocket and proceeded very adroitly to adjust it to the Doctor's eyes his companion took occasion to remark that he and the other gentleman were fully armed, and should the Doctor, at this or at any other stage of the proceedings, offer the slightest resistance to any request which was proffered to him, he would be immediately stabbed to death. Upon this admonition Dr. Aeneas Macbride determined, like the canny Scot he was, to hold his tongue and see—when

he was permitted to use his eyesight again—what came of it.

It seemed to him that the carriage was continually turning and was being driven through a great variety of streets, possibly with the view to prevent his forming any accurate idea as to the part of the city to which he was being conducted. The coach at length stopped and the door was opened for him. His two companions took him each under one arm, assisted him to alight and conducted him up a narrow staircase into a room, where, after a moment's pause, the bandage was removed from his eyes. He found himself in a small drawing-room or boudoir, dimly lighted by wax tapers and richly furnished, although sheets and pieces of tapestry had been thrown over some of the chairs or placed in front of the picture-frames, as though for the purpose of preventing a stranger from too closely identifying the contents of the room. There was a flask of wine on the table and one of the gentlemen filled a large bumper of Venetian glass and offered it to Dr. Macbride.

"I want no wine," he said, coolly; "it may be poison for aught I know."

The gentleman who had offered him the wine, and who was very tall and clad in a suit of dark blue paduasoy, richly laced with gold, for all reply put the goblet to his lips and tossed off the contents at a draught. Then his companion, who was shorter and stouter—neither had removed his mask—and who wore a green doublet and coat laced with silver, filled another glass with wine and offered it to the doctor, saying, "You had better drink it. Remember what I told you in the carriage. We allow no trifling in this house; and, besides, you have need to nerve yourself for what you have to do!"

"I don't like Dutch courage!" replied Dr. Macbride, "and am not used to dram-drinking to nerve me for my work. However, as I have not the slightest wish to have my throat cut, and you appear to be prepared to cut it"—both gentlemen nodded their heads significantly—"at a moment's notice, if things do not go as you wish them to go, I will drink. And now," he resumed, after a very moderateotation, "what is it that you desire me to do?"

"To perform a surgical operation."

"When?"

"This instant."

"Where?"

"You shall see."

As the taller of the two masked men made this reply, he took the Doctor by the arm and led him forward. The shorter gentleman lifted a heavy velvet curtain veiling an open portal and the three passed into a vast bedchamber. Here everything in the way of furniture, and even the ceiling and the curtains and counter-pane of a huge four-post bed in the centre of the room, had been shrouded in white sheeting. At the foot of the bed there sat, or rather there was half-reclining in a large chair covered with crimson velvet, a young lady—she could be scarcely more than nineteen—exceedingly beautiful and with golden hair that rippled over her shoulders. Her hands were tightly clasped and she was deathly pale. She was clad in a long, loosely flowing undress robe of some white, silky material; and Dr. Macbride could see that her little feet were bare.

"You see this woman—this most guilty and unhappy woman?" said in a harsh voice the taller of the two gentlemen. "She has disgraced the noble family to which she belongs and it is necessary that she should be deprived of life. Here is a case of lancets and you will instantly proceed to bleed her to death."

"She is prepared to submit to her fate," added the shorter gentleman in green and silver, "and you will make the greatest possible expedition. I need scarcely say that you will be amply recompensed for your pains."

"I will do no such horrible and unmanly thing," cried Dr. Aeneas Macbride. "Do you think that I, a physician, whose bounden duty it is to do everything that he possibly can to save human life—be it that of the newborn infant or of the dotard of ninety—would consent to put to a cruel death a poor lady who should be enjoying all the happiness that earth can give? Do your butchery work yourself; I'll



AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same way. To prevent him, he was bold and undaunted. But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim, "Ah, no!" And off he went.

When he returned, with a wild, frenzied laugh, she was there, smiling, and he was there, smiling. She said, "Don't!" And the poor fellow went.

When he was approached, and got down at her feet, she said, "Before he had kissed her." And she said, "Can't you?" The dear girl repeated.

Then she thought I was fitted; she came then with me, to the persons we'll go, and with them, my dear!" And she said.

Then she took her to see her new home—she said, "I have no means enchanted."

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AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF AMERICANS.

Lord Ronald Gower has published a book under the title of "My Reminiscences," in which he gives his experiences while traveling in this country. The following extract from its pages will serve to show how he regards Americans after living among them for a while, and also that even an Englishman can discard his prejudices and judge of people and things upon their merits.

"If one entered a room in a club or hotel one was not met by those assembled there. 'Who the dash is the person with whom one is to converse?' was the question. 'What the dash is the person with whom one is to converse?' was the question. 'What the dash is the person with whom one is to converse?' was the question."

Snakes in Strange Places.

I have heard of snakes, though I have never seen one, lying concealed beneath bed clothes and under pillows. Twice, however, on awaking in the morning I have found that I have been honored with the company during the night of an adder in my bedroom; and one morning, on taking my seat at my writing-desk, I discovered a very large cobra—4½ feet long—lying at full length at my feet close against the wall. He made for the open door, and I killed him in a veranda, with a riding whip; while the natives, as usual in such emergencies, were rushing wildly about and searching in the most unlikely corners for a more effective weapon. It was always a salutary habit of mine, for which I have to thank the sagacity of an old and faithful attendant, to shake my riding boots, preparatory to putting a foot into one—to eject a possible toxic envenomed therein, or, as would frequently happen, old Ramcherrun boldly thrust his bronze fingers in for the like precaution; and when there happened to be a toad or frog inside, how the old rascal used to make me laugh at the precipitate way in which he would withdraw his hand, exclaiming, with a startled countenance, "Kuch! hai bhit!" (There is something inside). On one occasion, as luck would have it, he adopted the shaking process, when out dropped a small snake, which I identified as a roof snake. After this I took care where I put my boots and shoes at night, and Ramcherrun where he put his fingers. Snakes are frequently found in what would seem the most unlikely places. As an instance, a lady of my district very nearly put her hand on a live cobra in reaching an ornament from the mantel-piece; the reptile was lying quietly next the wall behind a clock. How he got there was a mystery never solved. A friend of mine, who had set a country made wooden trap for rats, caught a cobra instead, much to the horror of his mekhar (sweeper).—Chambers's Journal.

President Polk's Widow.

Right in the heart of Nashville stands a large, old-fashioned homestead of dull red brick, its roof projecting over the broad piazza, supported by great fluted pillars, and its general aspect conveying an impression of severe stateliness, in pleasing variance with the distorted would-be fashionable architecture in the same neighborhood. A long lawn stretches in front of the house, and its pleasant green monotony is unbroken save by a plain and massive tomb of white marble, which carries its own best epitaph in the simple inscription, James K. Polk.

A ring at the bell brought to the door a good-natured colored girl, who took our cards to the venerable and venerated widow of President Polk.

A woman like Mrs. Polk is a revelation of the beauties of old age. Gentle benevolence broad-reaching charity, ripe experience and a cultivation of mind that extends beyond letters to mankind shine through her conversation, and a ready memory, keen wit and a store of reminiscences illuminate it.

Sixty years ago at the time of her marriage Mrs. Polk was considered remarkable for her beauty, and 20 years after, when she presided at the White House it was so fresh and unimpaired as to attract great admiration, and be noted in the published works and private journals of distinguished foreigners.

Time, of course, has stolen the vivid coloring and curved outlines of youth, but he has not robbed her of the upright figure and dignified carriage, and has left brightness in her eyes and vivacity in her voice, besides lending an added charm in her faultless manners. Crowned with 80 years of honor she rose to receive us.

From the library of the dead President she can gaze upon the tomb that marks his resting place, and in that same library remains his hat, gloves, and cane, just where he laid them when he came home for the last time. The book he was reading lies open on the table, and the papers of the day beside it.

In society, and fond of it, Mrs. Polk has yet never accepted an invitation since her husband's death, though with graceful hospitality and tact she has received on the first day of each year the Tennessee Legislature, which adjourns in a body to call upon her—and which I am told is the highest compliment ever paid by State authorities to a lady—and the civil, judicial and ecclesiastical bodies make it a point to pay their respects to her.

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sweet tart, good bye." O'wen once attended the races at Newcastle, England, and was immediately surrounded by gamblers and betting men, beseeching him to make wagers with them on the result. Instead of doing this he called for pen, ink and paper, and composed the "Better Land." Rossini was once a guest of a Presbyterian divine in Edinburgh, and was invited to come and hear him preach, a special pew being proffered for the use of the composer. His only reply was the aria, "Non più Mesta." Sullivan once was in search of a habitation in London, and called on a well-known real estate agent, who asked him, "What kind of chambers do you want, and at what price?" Sullivan immediately sang "Suite, and low."—Musical Herald.

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Animated by these emotions, and particularly the latter, I set out at once in pursuit, dropping my cap, however, as I did so, for a reason that will hereafter appear. After a stop or two the bird lay as if wholly exhausted, but as I put out my hand to take it, it gathered a little strength and feebly evaded my grasp; I followed and again essayed to capture it, but again missed it by a foot or two, and this operation with like result, was repeated a dozen times, until at last, when I had chased the sandpiper about a dozen rods, it pulled itself together, ejaculated "peet-wee" in a mocking tone a number of times, and flew away miraculously recovered, as sound and lusty a bird as ever was known. I drew breath upon him with my gun to show how easily I could have paid it for his cheat if I had a desire to do so, and then went back to pick up my cap. This done, I looked carefully about the ground, and, as I expected, found a nest scooped out in the sand, with five olive-colored motored eggs in it. So I compromised by taking the eggs, well knowing that as many more would be laid within a week, and went away pluming myself that this old trick had grown too threadbare to take me in at this late day.

Nearly all our earth-building birds are acquainted with this artifice, and I have had them all attempt to play it on me—sandpiper, sparrows and the golden-crowned thrush, or oven-bird. This latter species, however, acts with more dignity in the matter. He is above resorting to the deceit of stimulated lameness, and will not flutter and thrash about on the ground as his less scrupulous cousins do. When he sees you coming through the woods he crawls nimbly out of his nest and skulks along behind bushes and leaves until he gets some distance away from his treasures; then he appears in a conspicuous place and sedately and quietly walks along before you, looking over his shoulder and inviting you to come up and take him, as being a bird who some- how never found use for his wings, and to whom the science of flying is unknown. When you see the bird thus conducting himself, all you have to do is to note carefully the direction in which he is traveling, then walk back in a straight line, and if you look carefully, you will find the nest somewhere within three or four rods of where the bird appeared. If you have any respect for gentlemanly deportment, however, you will not take more than half of the eggs of this quiet, composed and dignified oven-bird.

The Pretty Girls of Kioto.

Dark blue, unrelieved by any variety, is the ordinary walking dress of the ladies, and women in lower stations adopt the custom. The southern blood of the Kioto ladies reveals in colors of brighter hue. A peacock is nothing to a Kioto girl out for the day. A parrot is more closely imitated in respect of plumage. Bright reds, violets, greens, and yellows are frequently seen adorning the same little person. Where matronhood suggests greater sobriety, the average is struck with the assistance of the baby. Children are dressed in the most fantastic style, looking like little cardinals as they played about the streets in long waisted robes of many colors. It is notable that while in the north women and children carrying infants on their back wrap them closely up within their dress, so that nothing but a little round head is visible, the Kioto women, while obliged to in- close the babe within their garment, are careful to leave hanging loosely outside in full view the child's cloak. A purple cloak picked out with red and lavishly turned up with yellow at the sleeves is too precious a gift to be withheld from the enjoyment of the public. There are some pretty girls in Kioto and Yokohama, and there are some ugly ones in Kioto. Eight out of ten girls met in the streets of Kioto are good looking, and five are decidedly pretty. They wear their hair differently from their sisters in the north, who for the most part, are content to observe the general local custom of arranging it in a chignon at the back. In Kioto a young lady takes the chignon pad, and, instead of laying it flat to her head, fixes it at right angles, after which all kinds of arrangements are possible. Artificial flowers are largely used to complete the adornment of the Kioto belle's hair. In the north, except on high festive occasions, this is very rare; girls there are content with thrusting a pin through the chignon. The Kioto girl has several pins, in addition to a gaily colored flower, wired so that it may stand an inch or two above the topmost tangle of her hair.—The Cornhill Magazine.

More Song Histories.

Hutton was one day dining at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, near an open window. Just as he was about to begin his last course, a tramp thrust his hand in the window, seized the jam pie, and made off with it. The composer, struck with the incident, at once dashed off "Good bye,

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The old doctor was a small man, and lean, but as hard and angular as the most regular of pine knots.

He looked as if he might be tough, but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless, he was among the knowing ones, reputed to be as agile as a cat; and in addition, was by no means deficient in knowledge of the "noble science of self-defence." Besides, he was as cool as a cucumber. Well, in the freshman class of a certain year, was a burly, beefy mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen. "This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus's physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potent in his rule."

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length determined to give the gentleman a gentle thrashing some night on the College campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

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